

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revelation 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ Revolutions"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Revelation, revelation...

[Flavor Flav]

Yeah that's right, y'all better act like you know
Shit is gettin critical (in all the nations)
Shit is gettin crazy, that's right (all the lands)
Y'all better listen yo shit is blazin G
Shit is blazin, that's right, I'm tryin to let y'all know...

Soldiers of the future
We are approachin with to be Earth's last battle
The war fever's on the rise
The lives of many are in the hands of fate
Armageddon is the destiny we await
In the trenches of the ghettos we meditate
Developin our defense, I'm gettin tense
I hear the bombs of time tickin
As the smoke of fear thickens in the air
I cock my glock and give thanks
For the peace that will exist, when this war is over
Revolutions, revelations will be revealed
Babylon has fallen, now time to build, labwars

[Chuck D]

When I spit at the government bombs like Saddam hit
Make you flip to the music with your shit half-lit
Harder than time and convicts
Rhymes never be basic, afraid of the dark
twenty-five to the L, no I just can't face it
Need a mill for two passports and face-lifts
Ain't tryin to see handcuffs and steel bracelets
Twisted politics, high speed chases
on the races, locked down places
Prophet of rages, reincarnation as gauges
set to show off in the blazes
Revolution, revelation, resurrection stages
Raw like wild dogs locked up in the cages
And my brain cell with ice picks under the floor
Plottin the war I'll sign a Shakur for sure
Revisited, hear the shorties be quizzin it
Geronimo Platt, politically incarcerated cats
I dwell on all the black males doin time
And got me wanderin who invented motherfuckin crime
Goin in a tantrum lyrical fits
Spread like cancer on tracks that hit
Feel the pulse in the boom in the night song

Rally up all the people like a Farrakhan
Spittin words that'll send em back to Peningon
Hittin cats in the head out in Lebanon
Through the New World order I'ma carry on
Hittin brothers with jewels they can grow on
More than wack videos in a dance song
If you don't believe it so long and so on
So on, prove the player haters so wrong
I don't care who the fuck is out there yeah
My militant mind stay guerilla zone
Shorties feelin me in the chest like a silicone
Get ya home with a honeycomb
Go to any Coast I'ma bet ya I'ma bust chrome
Once again in Terrordome I'll show em
My Mics come equipped with chips and fax modems
Got the facts and rewrote them
2001, 2002, what's it gonna do?
What's it gonna do, gonna do?

[Chorus: Chuck D]

Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin

Age was created in the lab
Small pox created in the lab
Beats too marks created on the AB
The futuristic thinks, BIO pass

In nine hundred and ninety eight
we gonna take down the head of state
and demonstrate non-stop resistance
It is time, time for a drastic change.
Time to retaliate and wake up
I've had enough, enough of the lies
enough of the destruction, information and corruption's.
False religions, doctors and puddy compoundin and who gets in trouble?
And I won't stop no, no
No more violence, no, no, no more induses
and no more two-face politicians who stab you in the back
Plus, mother is too long and I'm densing.
And I'll attack and I won't hold back
I'm gonna trouble you, hold you and squeeze you
until the truth is told
You can keep your man-made diseases
and your welfare reform, housing projects
penitentiary, fake genitals that ain't never really included me
Nothin can stop us, not even death *[echoes]*

[Chorus: Chuck D]

[illegible]